THE HALF-CROWN TEA, Best in the City. {J. B. MART.} 110, Borough Buildings, London-rd. "Prove it by buying half-a-pound on trial.

Vol. II.—No. 51. MANCHESTER, Saturday, July 31st. Price One Penny.

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

VOWEL A WASHING MACHINE,
A very useful and popular Family Machine, price £3 10s.; with newly-improved India-rubber Wringer, extra strong, £5 12s. complete.—See Catalogue.
BRADFORD & CO., Cathedral Steps, Manchester.

VOWEL E COMBINED WASHING, WRINGING, & MANGLING MACHINE,
Price £8 8s.; efficient, simple, and of acknowledged superiority.—See list of prize medals awarded.
BRADFORD & CO., Manchester and London.

BRADFORD'S WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINE,
With improvements, perfect as a Wringer, unequalled as a Mangle.—CATHEDRAL STEPS, MANCHESTER.

VELOCIPEDE MICHAUX

MESSRS. MICHAUX & CO. beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that for the future
MR. S. DAWSON,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER,
Will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.
Purchasers will please observe that MICHAUX & Co. in large letters are on each Machine, without which none are genuine.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto.....£7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

PURE WATER FILTERS at 5s. 6d.
PURE WATER FILTERS at 7s. 0d.
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As Exhibited at the great Exhibition 1851. Silver Prize Medal Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society. Silver Prize Medal Middleton Agricultural Society.
SLACK & BROWNLOW, 1, Victoria-st.
MANCHESTER.
Works: Upper Medlock-street Hulme.

IN REFERENCE
To WINE it is a fact that many persons are pleased if they can say "We import our own." They have an impression that by so doing they not only get it cheaper but purer; and, besides, there is the honour of importing. They overlook altogether that those Foreign Dealers who seek them out are quite aware of this amiable weakness, and do not fail to take advantage of it to add some shillings to the price. To assist the impression they judiciously insinuate that their article is purer than what usually comes to England, and thus they lull that desire for comparison which would soon dispel the delusion.
These remarks apply specially to
GERMAN WINES,
And, in proof of them, we would ask those Gentlemen who buy such Wines to compare our
STILL HOCK AT
20s. with their own importing at 24s.
24s. Do. do. ,, 28s.
33s. Do. do. ,, 36s.
42s. Do. do. ,, 46s. to 48s.
48s. Do. do. ,, 54s. to 60s.
SPARKLING HOCK AND MOSELLE.
36s. Do. do. ,, 42s.
48s. Do. do. ,, 54s. to 60s.
60s. & 66s. Do. do. ,, 66s. to 80s.
Even supposing the value to be equal, there is this advantage in buying here, that any quantity can be got when wanted; whereas, in importing, a quantity of money is locked up, probably for years, in an article not of every day consumption.
James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street, Manchester.
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
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THE TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER will destroy cockroaches, beetles, and crickets sooner and more effectually than any other preparation ever offered to the public. It is perfectly harmless to dogs or cats, as they will not touch it. The following is one out of a number of testimonials which the proprietor has received:—
"25, Carnarvon-street, Cheetham Hill Road,
"Manchester, April 29th, 1869.
"Mr. E. Griffiths Hughes.—Sir,—The effect of your tropical beetle powder is really marvellous. I laid some down one night, and the next morning the floor was fairly covered with cockroaches, dead and dying. I may say there were hundreds of them. After applying it three times, we were quite free from them.—Yours very truly,
"JAMES MILNER."
Manufactured by E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester; and sold by all chemists, in 6d. and 1s. packets.
MAYER'S New Patent GASOGENES, for making half gallon of Soda Water, price 25s.

FIRST ARRIVAL IN THE CITY.
Just received, a Consignment of the
Australian Meat Company's
READY-COOKED
MUTTON & BEEF,
SOLD WITHOUT BONE,
In 6lb. TINS, at 3s. 9d. per TIN,
BY
J. W. SCOTT, FAMILY GROCER,
276, DEANSGATE.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

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MILITARY TAILOR
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HATTER,
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JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

Patronised by HER MAJESTY and their Royal Highnesses PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.

NICOLL'S

TRICHANOPHRON

Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED BY

NICOLL'S

ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.

One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

PREPARED BY

NICOLL,

11, AIR-ST., REGENT'S QUADRANT, LONDON.

NICOLL'S

GOLDEN TINCTURE,

For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S

CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,

For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

NICOLL'S

CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.

Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.

Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.

Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING SUMMER BEVERAGES can be made at home, with the

NEW PATENT GAZOGENE,

PRICE 10s.

MOTTERSHEAD & CO., 1, MARKET PLACE.

(Wholesale and Retail.)

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK.

H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,

H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.

H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.

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VELOCIPEDES of the best construction and workmanship, at JOSEPH HALEY'S, Machinist, 10, Corporation-st., Ducie Bridge, Manchester.

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GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

Every Saturday, Price One Penny.

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A Journal of Humour and Criticism, Art, Music, the Drama, Literature, Society, and Current Events.

The *Sphinx* is published every Friday at noon. The earlier numbers (1 to 32) are out of print. Copies of Nos. 33 to 40 may be had on application to the publishers and printers, Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford-street.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS during MAY and JUNE.

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2. The Union.
3. The Albert.
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5. The Freemasons'.

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1. Wastdale and Christopher North.
2. The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
3. A Walk to Rostherne.
4. Ambleside, and Hartley Coleridge.
5. Disley and Lyme Hall.
6. Paris as seen by a Manchester Man. Chap. I–II.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MANCHESTER STAGE:—
1. Actors and Managers.
2. Jim Browne: Marie Wilton.
3. The Leclercqs and the Paynes.

CHURCHES AND PREACHERS:—
The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
A Morning with the Unitarians (Rev. W. Herford).
A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. J. Hyde).
Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
A Children's Chapel.
Whit-Sunday at St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse).
The Stowell Memorial Church.
Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).

THE DRAMA:—
After Dark at the Royal.
The Amateur Actors at the Athenæum.
The King o' Scots at the Prince's.
Miss Bateman.
Mr. Bandmann as Hamlet.
Mr. Phelps.
School at the Prince's.
Caste " "

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The Cathedral.
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" " II. "
Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
Lords and Commons.
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The Flower Show at the Botanical Gardens.
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To Erin's Isle. By Edwin Waugh.
Laughter.
A Whit-week Episode.
The County Cricket Match at Old Trafford.
A Legal Farce, in Three Acts.
Cruelty to Animals.
Our New J.P.'s.
The Grammar School: How the Capitation Scheme Works.
Velocipede Contests at the Amphitheatre.
The Poultry Market.

RHYMES, SONGS, AND BALLADS:—
In an Attic.
The Man Himself (Sensation Music Hall Song).
The Happy Days of Childhood.
Sir Wright and the Bey. By our Bab Balladist.
Der Boet's Barty (after Hans Breitmann).
A Good Samaritan.
Scandal-cum-Dip.

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13, South King-street, Manchester. D. ALONZO MORRIS. C. J. BROWN.

"Mars ruin'd him; his mother ruin'd me." *Dryden.*

And once a hard and heavy hat
Had almost ruin'd me;
It gall'd—*I* had no doubt of *that*—
I groan'd in misery!

But when Gee's felt lin'd hat I tried,
What bliss, I felt, of ease!
Feeling and taste were satisfied,
For none can equal Gee's!

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA ON HATS

In the press, and shortly will be published, by

JAMES GEE, HATTER,

13, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER,

"A Homily on the Head Coverings of Humanity: Humourous, Æsthetic, and Historical," by the above eminent author.

Sole Agent for Woodrow's Prize Medal Hats.

HENRY PIDDUCK,

Goldsmith, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

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Invites an inspection of his Modern and Elegant

FINE GOLD JEWELLERY,

DIAMOND and GEM RINGS,
Bracelets, Brooches, Ear-rings, Lockets, &c.
FINE GOLD ALBERT and GUARD CHAINS,
Quite new, and best quality.
GOLD and SILVER WATCHES,
All Warranted.
SILVER TEA and COFFEE EQUIPAGES,
Salvers, Inkstands, Goblets, Card Cases, Trowels, Fish Carvers, Cruet Frames, Dessert Knives and Forks, &c.
NEW SILVER SPOONS & FORKS, 7/4 per oz.
Electro Silver Plated Goods, in great variety. Elegant Drawing-room and Dining-room Clocks.

S. & J. PRESTWICH

BEG to call the attention of Intending Purchasers of VELOCIPEDES to their PATENT PRIZE MEDAL MACHINE, which combines the best possible material and workmanship, with thorough stability.—Can be seen, and other particulars obtained,

At 13, MARSDEN SQUARE;

Or at their Works, Farnworth, near Bolton.

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McCANEY & CO.,

17, JAMES-ST., SMITHFIELD MARKET,
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NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER

At 10d., 11d., and 1s. per lb.

EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.

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Royal Agricultural Society's and Royal Horticultural Society's,

GRAND SHOW,

OLD TRAFFORD.

THE

WATER

Used in the Refreshment Departments is purified by

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Carbon Water Filters,

Prices from 5s. 6d.,

CHEETHAM FILTER WORKS, CHEETHAM, and 7, TODD STREET, CORPORATION STREET.

ALL WATER SHOULD BE

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NOTICE.

THE attention of Parents and others is requested to a PATENTED IMPROVEMENT in HOODS for PERAMBULATORS & INVALID CARRIAGES, which is a simple contrivance for raising or lowering the hood of such vehicles, and dispenses with the use of the strap ordinarily used. This invention may be applied at a small cost to any vehicle; is cheaper than anything which has preceded it, and is warranted for two years, the same as all Carriages sold at this establishment.

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VELOCIPEDES constructed on the best principle, usually charged £10, selling at £7. 10.

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SHILLITO AND SHORLAND,
Ironmongers and Gas Fitters,
IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,
Owing to the great increase of their business, have taken the large and extensive Premises,
160, 162, and 164,
STRETFORD ROAD,
lately occupied by JOHN VERTEGANS and Co., Ironmongers (Limited), where will be found a large and well selected STOCK, at the Lowest Prices for Cash.

☞ Price Lists on application.

All kinds of Repairs promptly attended to.

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HARGRAVES'
TOBACCO AND CIGAR
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SMOKING MIXTURE,
In 1 and 2 ounce Packets.
All Tobaccos (including Irish Roll) guaranteed genuine, and free from Adulteration.

JAMES HOYLE SMITH,
COACHBUILDER, CONGLETON,
CHESHIRE,

Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages, viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to drive from the inside. Ditto for Coachman. Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat. Ditto Barouche Head.

The only maker in England. 4 shapes £150. 5 shapes £180.

ALSO HIS

ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART,

Hung low, and easy of access, suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

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FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY beg to announce that they have **OPENED** the immense basement of the **FREE TRADE HALL,** for the **SALE** and **HIRE** of their Patent Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, the "VELOX," which is cheaper, and in many respects better than those of other makers. The National Velox Company also HIRE Velocipedes, by the hour, to the general public, at a small charge. Gentlemen who have bought other makers' Velocipedes, and require practice, will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, as they will have a perfectly level floor, great space, allowing the highest possible speed to be attained, and seclusion.

☞ *At the Athletic Festival gentlemen who ran second and third both rode on Velocipedes manufactured by the National Velox Co.*

In order to keep the attendance select, the NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY charge Sixpence for admission, which is returnable to those hiring Velocipedes.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

DIRECTORY.

[In the case of those names which are marked with an asterisk (*) a more detailed advertisement appears in another column.]

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PRINCE'S THEATRE, Oxford-street, Reopens Friday, August 6th.
*ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Belle Vue.
*POMONA GARDENS, Cornbrook.

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*J. W. SCOTT, 276, Deansgate.

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*JAMES GEE, 13, Market-street.
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*Ice: T. MUIRHEAD, 30, Victoria-street.

*Teacher of Swimming: POULTON, Leaf-street Baths.

*Meerschaum Pipes: T. R. WITHECOMB, 28, Victoria-street.

*Porpoise-skin Boot Laces: GILL and Co., 12, Brewer-street, Golden-Square, London.

*Tropical Beetle Powder: E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester.

*Tic Doloreux Pills: JONES'S, 149, Chapel-street, Salford.

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*To Matlock.—MIDLAND RAILWAY Co. Every Saturday.

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*"FLORENCE" LOCK STITCH, 19 and 21, Blackfriars-street, corner of Deansgate.
*GROVER and BAKER'S, 67, Oldham-street.—J. Hodgson, Agent.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

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*SHIRLEY and HILL, 52, Market-street.
*WILLIAM JAMES WRIGHT, 58, Lower King-street.

TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS.

*HARGRAVES, 44, Swan-street, and 2 to 10, Mason-street.

VELOCIPEDES.

*JOSEPH HALEY, 10, Corporation-street, Duke Bridge.
*MICHAUX and Co. Agent: S. Dawson, 56, Deansgate.
*ANDREW MUIR, Victoria Bridge Works, Salford.
*NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY, Free Trade Hall.
*S. and J. PRESTWICH, 13, Marsden Square; Works: Farnworth, near Bolton.
*JOSEPH WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly: (also Perambulators and Invalids' Carriages.)
*KERSHAW'S, Store-street, Ancoats.

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The charges for insertion in the Directory, which are extremely moderate, may be ascertained by post, or on personal application to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford-street, Manchester.

G. R. ALLINSON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the piece at Wholesale Prices, (54 & 54a, High

MANCHESTER HOTELS.

THE GLOUCESTER.

THE Gloucester Hotel! We think we hear our readers exclaim, "Never heard of such a place." No more have we, and they may assume, if it so pleases them, as Mr. John Braham used to declaim in one of his most popular songs, that "tis but Fancy's sketch." Why it is called the Gloucester, we have not been able to ascertain. Whether it is named after the clever but murderous crook-backed tyrant, who for a brief period occupied the English throne, or a more modern member of the royal family, we cannot undertake to say. For aught we know to the contrary, it may merely be an abbreviation for the Gloucester Cheese, which has as much right to be perpetuated on the signboards of public-houses as its more common competitor, the notorious Cheshire. Such corruptions and abbreviations are not uncommon, to wit, The Bull and Mouth, originally Boulogne Mouth; and Bishop Blaize, exchanged, with some significance, into Bishop Blazes. Doubtless there is some foundation for the name of Gloucester to the hostelry in question, could we only get to the origin of it. Only lately, we learned for the first time, owing to the demolition of a Thespian temple, the reason whence the thoroughfare on which the Gloucester stands derives its name; but, for anything we know, it might just as well have been called after that other Duke, who selected a butt of Malmsey as the instrument by which he his quietus made; or a still later descendant, who, in more recent times, occupied a position equally illustrious to that of the blood-thirsty monarch already referred to.

The Gloucester Hotel has now been in existence more years than we can personally recollect. Situated in a central position of the city, it occupies what is technically termed by showmen, hawkers, theatrical managers, and shopkeepers, "a good stand." It has a great and, we believe, an established reputation among commercial travellers, and is known to that fraternity and other traders in most European cities, in America, from the Canadian lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and in Alexandria, Calcutta, and other Eastern cities. The Gloucester is remarkable also for other characteristics. Firstly, or to speak more correctly, as Dogberry says, secondarily, it is largely resorted to by both townsmen and country visitors, as a house of call or cheap club, where tradesmen can meet each other by appointment in the way of business, as well as for bibulous purposes. Thirdly, it is notoriously selected as the spot where meetings of creditors are held, and from the experience of late years, Messrs. Sale, W., S., S., and Sale, and other solicitors, must now be tolerably familiar with the private apartments of the establishment. Fourthly, and in harmony with the last distinguishing feature, it is the favourite locality for the sales by auction of factories, domiciles, and other effects, whether in bankruptcy or otherwise. But it is not altogether allied with such dispiriting and lugubrious elements and associations, for at certain intervals it is used as a medium for the display of vocal art. The meetings of the Gentleman's Glee Club are held there, where melody and harmony are pleasantly combined with a hasty banquet, and what old Mr. Henley would describe as "the ugly rush" of the audience between the acts to the smoke room and the bar. Besides these leading characteristics, the Gloucester has other numerous distinguishing features which commend themselves to the visitor's notice, and which, after the manner of clergymen of the old school, we may divide and subdivide until we arrive at nineteenthly, lastly, finally, and to conclude, and we shall omit "to recapitulate."

The Gloucester Hotel, or, to use a military metaphor, the Army and Camp, are under the entire command of F. M. General Buonaparte, assisted by a numerous staff of officers of all ranks. Marshal Buonaparte is an urbane and unobtrusive gentleman, who, like his compatriot, the late Duke of Wellington, pursues his avocations in the most unostentatious manner. He moves about the camp without escort, and his approach is unheralded by either the sound of trumpet or the creaking of boots. The division which occupies the heights is commanded by General Fredericks, C.B., whose benevolent head may be generally seen at his tent window, from the approaches in the rear. The General is also occasionally to be met with on the lower grounds, surrounded by his staff, Colonel Schneider, Major Chawles, Captain De Boots, and others. General Fredericks is more demonstrative and bustling than the Commander-in-Chief. He is prompt in giving the word of command, and can also deliver "dismiss" with emphasis and authority. He is ready at divining the inarticulate wishes of his guests in the matter of viands, is possessed of a sly humour of his own, and is skilful in repartee. From his long experience and acquaintance with his duties he always retains his presence of mind, is never at a loss in an emergency, and has been known to quell a disturbance by a single wave of his arm.

The Gloucester has the usual rooms and conveniences to be found in such establishments. It possesses a large dining room or restaurant, where dinners are served up in a style not worse than in other places of a similar nature. On the same floor there is a smoke room and likewise a coffee room, why so called we are at a loss to know. These two large apartments seem to be used for precisely similar purposes, and are frequented by visitors from town and country, particularly on market days. There are, however, some distinguishing features between the two apartments. Country visitors from the "Fox Mere" district, on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, chiefly affect the coffee room, whereas those from the northern division of the county prefer the smoke-room. The latter is presided over by vivandieres, who issue from a glass house adjoining, but the coffee room is under the charge of garçons. The smoking room is supplied, in the earlier hours of the day, with sundry fragments of bread and cheese, which are supplied gratis to such individuals as choose to partake of malt liquor, or other beverages. In the coffee room, if you require a snack of bread and cheese, you can have it by paying for it. By a singular—and what seems an incongruous—arrangement, frequenters of the smoking room are allowed to smoke cigars only, with, possibly, a reservation in favour of a cigarette of home manufacture. In the coffee room, a person may smoke his own pipe if he chooses, but he will not be supplied with one, or with tobacco, and we believe that "clays," although private property, are protested against. In both rooms there is always an abundant supply of draughts of various kinds, and, all the windows and doors being kept well open, free currents of air are supplied gratis, as strong and invigorating as those other draughts which are paid for, and which are supposed to have a stimulating effect upon the inner man. Likewise, by the aid of de Boots, who is always in undress uniform, and the furnishing of the necessary funds, you can be provided with other drafts, in the shape of bills payable on demand, from an adjacent monetary establishment. Besides the draughts, another singular feature, common to both smoke and coffee rooms, is the matter of fires. These seem to be an insurmountable difficulty with the authorities. It is got over at this season of the year by none being required, but in the winter and spring months, circumlocution and how not to do it are rampant, and the difficulty is chronic. If the day is warm and mild, the chances are that the fires will be bright and blazing. Should the temperature be low, the probability is that the live coals at the bottom of the grate will be smothered in slack, and wreaths of cold smoke, gracefully curling up the chimney, are the only indications of fire. It seems beyond the resources of the place to keep the fires in repair, and orders given to that effect get bandied about from one official to another, until, like the order given to the cavalry to charge at Balaclava, it gets finally "blundered," and the result, like that magnificent but unwarlike exploit, is a failure.

It is some time since we visited the Gloucester, but, at the time we treat of, both the smoking and coffee rooms were furnished with very bilious looking paper-hangings, a clock, a mirror, numerous small tables and chairs, of various patterns, and a goodly supply of enormously large paper spills, each about a yard in length, and apparently made from the advertisement sheets of the *Times* newspaper. The smoke room, however, eclipsed its companion in one thing; its tables were supplied with a large number of spring brass bells, most of which were in a mutilated state, consequently "jangled, out of tune, and harsh."

But, if they had been wholly incapable of emitting sound, it would have made small difference, for, to our surprise, we found they were not intended to be rung. We are informed that an alteration has been made in this respect, but, at the time we write of, the "daughter of the regiment" who officiated in this quarter had a decided aversion to being summoned by the "tintinnabulation of the bells." One ring might pass. Twice was an offence. A third time—tremble, and prepare for the happy despatch. In fact, Josephine, the daughter of the regiment, is scarcely an applicable term, and Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, would be more appropriate, or Joan of Arc, who was herself conversant with *spirits*,

> And ye choice spirits, that admonish me
> And give me signs of future accidents,
> Appear!

Our La Pucelle, however, had so many admirers that expostulations were useless. The offender was summarily frowned down, and felt himself in a miserable minority.

In the upper quarters of the Gloucester are a capacious billiard room with three tables, and the commercial travellers' room. In the former you can play the usual games of billiards and pyramids, or be initiated into the mysteries of pool, with the possibility of making a few shillings if you are a good player, and have been at a considerable outlay of capital in learning the game, and the certainty of losing a good many if you are a bad or indifferent player. With the recollections of Mr. Anthony Trollope's memorable commercial traveller, Moulder, before us, and remembering the way he resented the intrusion of a non-commercial into their room, we dare not enter into that sanctum, but presume, from the little we have seen of such places under sufferance, that it possesses the usual characteristics; travellers writing at their desks, or partaking of their dinners together, with much formality and deference to "Mr. Chairman and Mr. Vice!" Towards bed-time these knights of the rail and the road make their appearance below stairs, in slippers, and they may be easily recognised by the general placidity and at-home-ishness of their manner. Indeed, we should imagine that a commercial traveller feels most at home when he is abroad. We never meet one without feeling our own insignificance. He seems to know everybody at every hotel, and receives so much deference from the officials that we feel quite small and abashed.

In times of political excitement and crisis, discussion waxes fierce at the Gloucester, and when a contest for the city is on the eve of coming off, a stranger would think that the disputants were about to fly at each other's throats, and become implacable enemies for ever. Nothing of the kind; the gas gets blown off, the steam evaporates, the result is accepted, and little more is heard of it until the next election. But even in times of political repose discussions and dissertations are to be heard. Abstruse treaties delivered in a loud voice, in sesquipedalian measure, upon metaphysical subjects, ranging from the metempsychosis of soul to the meaning and derivation of the word Aldeberontefoski-forniostikos, until the listener finds himself landed in an atmosphere of fog and obfuscation, from the allegations made and conclusions drawn, from which he only escapes by forcing a solution of continuity, by closing his eyes and ears upon the polysyllabic effusiveness of the speaker.

Besides the commercial customers who frequent the Gloucester, it is, from its situation, a convenient rendezvous for another class of visitors, whose duty consists in providing food other than edible for the breakfast tables of the community. These Bohemians, whom, for want of a better term, we may designate the press-gang, find it necessary occasionally to consult with each other, to exchange communications and hear the news, and the Gloucester, as a cheap club, where there is no entrance fee, no annual subscription, and no ballot box, answers the purpose moderately well.

A SAVAGE JEST.

"What is this story about Lord —— ?" said somebody to somebody else, in the lobby of the House of Peers, last week. "Why, he offered, in the debate, to lay his head on the block, if necessary, for the good of his country; whereupon Lord —— exclaimed, 'Don't do that, my lord, for we should never know which was which!'"

HOW TYPHUS IS BRED IN MANCHESTER.

WE had occasion, a week or two ago, to visit a poor woman ill of typhus fever. We found her in Jones Street, a short and narrow thoroughfare in Hulme, not far from St. Philip's Church. The house consisted of three rooms, one on the ground floor, some twelve feet square, which formed at once sitting-room and kitchen, and two bedrooms above, one a mere closet, in which the bed covered nearly the whole floor-space. The windows all looked to the street, for like most, if not all, in the immediate neighbourhood, it was a back-to-back house, separated by a central dividing wall from another tenement behind, similarly built. The united cubic area of the two bedrooms fell short of 2,000 feet, allowing—as the family consisted of eight persons, three adults and five children—less than 250 cubic feet to each. The house and its inmates were by no means clean. The father touchingly apologised for the dirty condition of the children, assuring us that they had been washed in the morning, but that in such a street it was impossible to keep them clean. When we looked at the gutters we believed him. In the almost total absence of ventilation, caused by the construction of the house, the condition of the atmosphere may be imagined. It was such that we were glad to escape from it.

At a subsequent visit we learnt that the poor woman had been removed to the hospital, but in the next house but one we found a girl of twelve with all the symptoms of incipient typhus. The house consisted of only two rooms, one on the ground floor and one above. The inmates numbered five—a married couple, and old woman lodger, and two other lodgers, namely, the sick girl and her mother. The old woman slept on the sofa in the lower room. The four others occupied two beds in the room above. The cubic space for each was a little more than 300 feet. The house being, like the other, built on the back-to-back plan, was most imperfectly ventilated, and it was not cleaner than the others. Here then were, in these two houses, all the conditions necessary for the generation of typhus—over-crowding, want of ventilation, and uncleanliness of person and clothing. And the condition of the external atmosphere was such as to aggravate the evil influences prevailing within the houses, and it was thus produced. From the construction of the houses they were necessarily destitute of separate closets, in-door or out-door. What substitute, then, was provided? In the row in which the two infected houses stood there were two entries, running through into the next street. In each entry were two closets. The entries were not open to the sky; space was too valuable for that. The houses contiguous to the entries had each an extra sleeping den, *built over the cess-pits of the common conveniences*. One of the entries had a door, which was locked, and, the key being forthcoming, we found the passage itself and the closets opening into it tolerably clean. But what of the other entry, situate on the same side of the street, and between the two fever-houses? Its state can scarcely be described in language fit to be put before decent people. Its flagged floor was exceedingly dirty, and so were both the closets, the floor of one of them being almost covered with a layer, fully half an inch in thickness, of half-dried—unnameable filth. This entry had no doors, and therefore it was open to the incursions of the nightly prowlers of the district, beings for whose condition it is difficult to find an appropriate designation; for, while baptized, and to some extent intellectually instructed, they are morally sunk below the level of Hottentots or Esquimaux, and physically inferior, perhaps, to any known race.

The description we have given of these two habitations and their surroundings ought to carry its own moral. Hundreds among us are housed in like manner; hundreds are daily and hourly similarly exposed to conditions which invite disease and intensify it whilst it rages in their midst. Their dwellings—"homes" we cannot call them—are a social and civic disgrace. You cannot civilize or Christianize people living in the condition we have described. Purity of person and of soul are not compatible with such surroundings. In vain do you preach sobriety to a man who is irresistibly impelled, by the depressing effects of the poisoned atmosphere he breathes, to the use of alcoholic stimulants. "I should often have been thankful," said Lord Shaftesbury, at the Social Science Congress, "after spending some time in the abodes of the poorer classes in London, if anyone had offered me a glass of gin!"

And the remedy? First of all abolish back-to-back houses and closed courts. Reconstruct the sewers so that they shall cease to be a series of cesspools, and let them be effectually ventilated. Let the cesspits, if that be found possible, be rendered innocuous. Let the natural water-courses, from the Irwell to Cornbrook, cease to be the main-sewers of the city. The corporation has great powers, which recent legislation has largely increased and extended. Yet one of the measures passed to meet the very evil we have been describing—the Artizans' Dwellings Act—is allowed to remain a dead letter; and, with every wish to credit the city council with good intentions, we cannot fairly say that their sanitary administration is either systematic, energetic, or efficient. The poor are not the only sufferers by these evils. They spread far and wide: they affect all classes. If, to the causes of disease now actually prevalent among the unwholesome dwellings of the poorer people, be added general destitution of the means of existence (a contingency, in the present state of trade, quite possible), we may witness, in the coming autumn or winter, an outburst of typhus exceeding in its virulence and the extent of its ravages anything that our city has yet suffered from.

Since the above was written, the husband of the woman first attacked has been seized with typhus, and has, like his wife, been removed to the Union Hospital. Thus, the five children—all too young to work—in all a family of seven persons, have been thrown upon the parish. Such are the economical results of sanitary neglect!

WHAT'S YOUR CREST?

SIR Bernard Burke says that in Great Britain "a coat of arms has always been the indispensable appendage of a gentleman," and that "be it inherited or be it acquired, it is equally an object of pride and display; if inherited as the broad seal under which time testifies to the antiquity of our race and the purity of our blood—if acquired, as the golden talisman, the open sesame that has burst the iron gates of Aristocracy, and admitted us one step at least within the portal." Walford, too, in his *Dictionary of the Upper Ten Thousand*, says "all are equally aristocrats who are entitled to bear arms."

If all persons who do bear arms—that is, make use of crests and what are commonly called coats of arms—are to be admitted into the charmed circle of aristocracy, this circle must needs be a very large one. What carriage do we meet in the streets but has its owner's arms or crest blazoned on its panels? What note do we receive but has a crest stamped on the paper, and among the many rings with which Young Manchester loves to adorn his fingers, is not one sure to be engraved with his crest? Indeed we may go still further, and point to the goat's head, or the elephant, or the boar, which distinguishes the favourite cotton patronised by our prudent wives. Could it only be taken for granted that all the crests and arms we see so plentifully around us were either the "inherited" or "acquired" property of the wearers or bearers, what a truly aristocratic people we should be!

Unfortunately for our pride, on inquiring into the origin of this display of heraldry, we are compelled to acknowledge that in more than nine cases out of every ten the coat-armour has been acquired by being "found" for the wearers by some obliging self-styled "Heraldic College" in London. The well-known advertisements beginning "For Family Arms, send Name and County," and promising, in return for 3s. 6d. or 5s., to send down your correct arms, properly sketched or correctly blazoned "in Heraldic colours," are doubtless the sources from which the general public obtain their supply of popular heraldry. Again, the fount which supplies these Colleges of Arms is a book known as *Burke's General Armoury*. This book contains the arms of some forty thousand families, and must unquestionably have taken an immense amount of labour to compile. Though published at considerably more, it may now be had from any bookseller for about 12s. 6d. or 15s. To this *General Armoury* and to one or two similar, but earlier and less perfect works, ninety-nine hundredths of the arms used by the present generation owe their origin. If our friends Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, feel at all hurt at our questioning the genuineness of the quaint figures and devices with which they have embellished their plate, their crockery, or their carriages, we would advise them to consult Burke. Doubtless they will find their illustrious names in his pages, and, what is more, arms assigned to these names.

Ignorance of the laws and rules of heraldry lead to many errors. The first and most common error is the improper use of colour. Every coat of arms and every crest ought either to be blazoned in their correct heraldic colours, or they ought to be left entirely plain, in which latter case the colours would be indicated by certain conventional lines or dots. Instead of this, crests, now-a-days, are more variable in colour than the chameleon. Jones to-day will have his crest and arms stamped in red; to-morrow they will be in sober brown, which, next week, will have given way to mauve, magenta, or some other fashionable colour. No matter how pretty it may be, both crests and arms must either be plain or of their own proper colour or metal. On fully one-half the carriages we see, the crest or arms are painted to match the colour of the vehicle. The contrast of colours in true heraldry is always good. Colour is never placed on colour, or metal on metal. Gold is never placed on silver, and gules-red will never be found on arum, blue, or sable-black.

In drawing heraldic animals and charges a certain amount of conventionality is necessary, and nature must not be followed too closely. The same spirit which seems to have animated the carvers or designers of the weird gurgoyles which keep watch around our old churches, will also pervade a well executed coat of arms, whether carved or painted. A spirit of snobbishness pervades much of our modern heraldry. Old arms are noted for their simplicity, modern for their complexity. A brave deed is generally referred to in one or other of the charges in an old coat of arms, while instances of such childish feats as having written the Lord's Prayer in the space of a fourpenny bit, have not unfrequently been thought worthy of the place of honour in a modern coat of arms.

CHURCH MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

[HOLY TRINITY, HULME, AND THE JESUIT CHURCH.]

ON Friday evening last week we attended a choral festival at Holy Trinity Church, Stretford Road, and on Sunday last we heard Hummell's mass in E flat performed at the temporary church of the Holy Name, Oxford Road. At Holy Trinity upwards of fifty picked voices, from various choirs in the neighbourhood, sang Hopkins' Evening Service in F, while at the Gésu, Mr. Aynsley Cook, of the *Grand Duchess* opera company, and several of his friends, gave their services, in order that the mass might be more elaborately rendered than is customary. It may seem somewhat strange to connect these two churches together, but there is indeed good ground for so doing. Though the first is a Church of England building, and the other belongs to the most pronounced of Roman Catholics, the spirit and end of the two services differed only in degree. The prize for which each party is striving, and the goal both are pressing forward to, are precisely the the same, viz., the catholicising the whole of the people of this land. To assist them in this work both parties have called in the aid of music, and the syren-notes with which each church tries to allure the passers-by are often identically the same.

The confessed object of these choral services is to render what used to be cold and uninviting, warm and attractive. To accomplish this no more powerful assistance than that afforded by music can be obtained. Either in peace or in war music is able to sway the souls of men, and, in the present day, so universally is this power acknowledged, that all classes of Christians (the Society of Friends alone excepted) are glad to avail themselves of its aid. Even the Jews, at their last Rabbinical Synod, have recommended "church services, the use of the organ in the synagogue, and musical performances on the Sabbaths and festivals."

In the religious world there are two schools of musical thought—the melodists and the harmonists. The first are the most ancient in their origin, and they proudly point back to St. Ambrose and St. Gregory as the fathers of their school. They admit the severity of their tones, but the harmony their opponents set so much store by, they assert is more than compensated for by the effectiveness and grandness secured by the united voices of the whole congregation. In the Roman Church the Gregorian party have begun to rout their opponents, and the present R. C. Archbishop of Westminster has boldly flung his sword in their scale. In the English Church Gregorian music is as yet only affected by the High Church party, but even among Evangelists the musical portions of the service are being more generally sung, and sung to as

simple a score as possible. It is mainly in cathedrals and the like that the old much-loved floridity breaks out. Again, the very position of the singers and organ is reversed by the two parties. Gregorians place their singers in the chancel, and the organ, instead of being made into a sort of god, is subordinated to them. Nor are the singers themselves allowed to monopolise the service. Their duty is to lead the congregation, and to give that effect which only cultivated and trained voices placed in proximity to each other can do. On the other hand, where florid music is preferred, the organist is the great centre round which the singers revolve, and, with a stray exception here and there in the church, the choristers are the only ones whose voices are heard.

The two churches at whose musical services we "assisted" cultivate the florid style, and in both the congregation and the singers are two separate bodies. In the Jesuits' church we can more readily understand this. There the service is more professedly a "performance," and, while the choir and priests are doing their best to render the Sacrifice of the Mass effectively, the congregation are swelling the praise with the incense of their prayers. The priests' work is, as it were, vicarious; it serves for them too, and they add to it the sub-melody of their own private petitions. The mass at the Church of the Holy Name was most beautifully sung, and the notes glided, as they only can glide from well-trained professional throats. We do not like the money system (payment at the doors, one shilling); it savours too much of the scene in the Temple of old, but there are some weighty excuses for it in this case, and, when we heard that Mr. Aynsley Cook and all the other singers had given their services, we half pardoned it.

In the English Church the very essence of the service is its congregational character, and right noble it is to hear a whole congregation offering up their prayers with, as it were, one tongue. We must confess we think the majority of the anthems in vogue wearisome. They are mainly so many opportunities for Mr. This or Miss That to display their powers. At Holy Trinity we are quite sure the congregation would have gladly dispensed with both anthems, and the organ interlude too.

Both the Rev. Canon Crane's sermon and that of the Rev. Father Porter were very good. Either might have been preached in either place. One was written and the other was extemporary, but both were scholarly and effective, logical and honest appeals. Canon Crane's sermon was most telling against the cause for which he was pleading, and must have been felt as a rebuke by many of his audience. The earnestness and simplicity of Father Porter's sermon was its great charm, and we readily believed it when we were told that the chief rabbi often came to listen to this young preacher. No ranting, no passion, and indeed none of those eccentricities cultivated by popular preachers, marred the effect of his message. The truths were driven right home. The hammer made no great din in doing its work, but its blows were none the less powerful.

One word more. If strangers are to pay for their seats, care should be taken not to trespass on the seat-holders' rights. It is unpleasant for both parties to have either to turn out or to be turned out. A little care on the verger's part, and all this might be avoided.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

DONE, VERY FREELY, INTO ENGLISH.

AFTER A WEEK OF WRETCHED DINNERS. THE POET RALLIES HIS HOST WITH AN ALLUSION TO THE STORY OF MITHRIDATES MAKING HIMSELF POISON-PROOF.

He dosed himself till, by degrees,
The poison lost its operation;
Another week of meals like these
Would make me proof against starvation.

TO A FRIEND WHO HAD ASKED THE POET WHERE HIS YOUTHFUL WRITINGS WERE TO BE BOUGHT.

Would you so ill derive your pleasure—
Would you so slander your sweet leisure—
The shop's in Deansgate: there am I.
Heywood won't let my follies die.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

A "SERENE" HIGHNESS.

WE have scissored the following slip out of the papers of the day after that appointed for the distribution of the prizes at the Flower Show, by Prince Teck, who was too much "indisposed" to attend. To Mr. Sam Mendel, who is reported to have spent seven thousand pounds in fitting Manley Hall for his reception, it must be especially interesting.

Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck and His Serene Highness Prince of Teck were present at Lady Holland's last garden-party this season, yesterday afternoon.

Well, even invalids must enjoy themselves; but it was injudicious of His Serene Humbug—Highness to expose himself to the night air, as the concluding sentence of the paragraph implies:—

It was nearly nine o'clock when the company had finally taken their departure.

And what is the lesson to be learnt from this princely indisposition? The first is, never spend seven thousand pounds in painting lilies and gilding refined gold for a Serene German; and the second is only a variation of an old wise saw: "Put not your faith in princes"—especially of Teck.

ROYAL UNPUNCTUALITY.

As it is the part of a snob to omit to reprehend what is reprehensible in a prince, so it is also the part of a snob to omit to excuse what ought to be excused. It is pretty generally known that the cause of the late arrival of the Prince of Wales at the Agricultural Show, on Tuesday week, was the indisposition of the Princess, and we are glad to publish the fact as widely as we can. Nobody who remembers the willingness with which that sweet lady performs more than all the arduous duties of her unenviable lot, who thinks of the fatigue she had endured upon the previous day, and, most of all, who saw her pallid face and limping gait—will doubt for an instant the reality of *her* indisposition. Nobody can think of the labours she is called upon to perform, without praying that health and strength may be multiplied upon her.

A WICKED REPORTER.

Our young friend, Mr. Charley, M.P., has been writing to the Manchester daily papers, to say that one of their recent telegraphic summaries concerning himself is quite untrue. We are afraid our contemporaries have a very naughty reporter in the House of Commons, and that he is especially fond of chronicling the feats of Mr. Charley—in other words, of making him look ridiculous. Only the other day, we noticed this neat little bit of reporting, which is valuable as showing the great influence which Salford wields in Parliament:—

Mr. CHARLEY trusted that the right hon. gentleman would agree to the Lords' amendment.

The Lords' amendment was then disagreed to.

Mr. Charley must be the most comfortable and capacious seat in the House: everybody deposits himself upon him. He would get more fame than he ever will by statesmanship by exhibiting himself at the next agricultural meeting, as the newest style of garden-lounge, to accommodate any number—warranted very soft.

RECENT OMNIBUS ACCOMMODATION.

The omnibuses at the exhibition were a sight to see. Omnibuses from Manchester, omnibuses from London, omnibuses from Liverpool, omnibuses from Leeds, omnibuses from Bolton, omnibuses from Stockport, Stretford, Cheadle, and every surrounding district. The road was choked with omnibuses; blocks and collisions were continual. And yet we have been informed of a phenomenon, in the guise of an intelligent human being, who said the omnibus accommodation was insufficient. The utter and abject stupidity of some of the inhabitants of this silly old world is positively amazing. With regard to the fares charged, the erratic gentleman who poises his ubiquitous mental vision on the eyrie of Bellhouse Street, and who is the victim of an intellectual entanglement—"strange that a harp of thousand strings should keep in tune so long"—on the subject of omnibuses, remarks that their proprietors took an unfair advantage of the public: first, by doubling their fares—an error in multiplication on the part of the erratic one (due to the entanglement), inasmuch as twice

threepence is sixpence, not fourpence—next raising them to sixpence, and finally demanding at one period a shilling. Anyone, not the victim of an entanglement, who considers the length of the route, the almost empty journey one way (at morning and night), the toll-bar, and the swarm of customers, would set down the omnibus proprietor who did *not* charge sixpence, as a maniac; and anyone who demurred to paying it deserved to have to walk. The shilling was the natural operation of the law of supply and demand; the extra sixpence being in many cases required, and pocketed, by the conductor, as a sort of "self-presented testimonial." It has always seemed to us a shame that the fare to Old Trafford, by All Saints, should not be more than twopence, and we never pay that absurd sum without blushing.

THE TWO SHOWS.

The Agricultural Show has been a great success; the Horticultural has not. A rough field is not the place for a flower-show, and the consequence of its not being held in the Botanical Gardens was more disastrous than could have been anticipated. The promenade was seldom well attended, and on Saturday was over-run with lurries removing plants. That plants should be removed before the exhibition was over was, perhaps, unavoidable, but that lurries should be driven over the promenade, and left standing upon it, strikes us as the perfection of bad management. The great want of the Agricultural Show was a band or two of music, which would not only have enlivened proceedings, but would have concentrated the spectators. If a band had been located in the horse-ring, there would have been some chance of meeting and seeing people. As it was, they were as diffused as globules of quicksilver, and nobody saw anybody. Implements and beasts are interesting, but female human beings are more so. The society should remedy this state of things, when they hold their next exhibition.

MR. DISRAELI AND "OUR FELLOW-CITIZENS."

Mr. Disraeli is one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery. Replying, in that capacity, to some comments in the House of Commons a few evenings ago, he said the trustees wished to buy a portrait of Hogarth at his easel, and were prepared to offer for it 355 guineas. "But," continued the right hon. gentleman, "a gentleman from Manchester defeated the country in this instance, because he was prepared to go to a much larger amount. Those Manchester gentlemen were most formidable foes. He was sorry the country had lost an interesting picture, but he must congratulate the country on its possession of such high-spirited men as our fellow-citizens of Manchester."

THE ROMANCE OF GAS TAR AND ITS SCANDALS.

The Salford Gas Committee, as we know, made but a miserable defence against the charges of Mr. Dyson, nor did they mend matters by exposing their utter ignorance of any recent discoveries in the products made from gas tar by the chemical manufacturers. Neither the committee nor their manager, it appears, read the scientific journals; how, therefore, should they know anything of the marvellous progress of chemical discovery, or the increase in the value of gas tar in the market? If one member only of this benighted Gas Committee had had a weakness for peeping into the pages of a scientific journal, he might have informed his fellows that the foreign chemists were extracting all sorts of valuable substances—refined essences of fruits, perfumes, priceless colours, dyes, and drinks—from the despised, mal-odorous gas tar, and, above all, that a chemist near Paris, named M. Lafine, according to the *Journal de Chemie* of May, 1868, was actually brewing a first-rate brand of sparkling wines and champagne from this most wonderful refuse. Who can dare to disclose the secrets of a chemical laboratory, or affirm that the Parisian has so well kept his secret that it is altogether unknown in our well-guarded chemical works? After the recent disclosures in the Salford Council, we are half-inclined to think, with the writer in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, that some of us are paying a heavy price for the luxury of self-government. We hear that another singular transaction is likely to form the subject of discussion at the Salford Council meeting of Wednesday next. It is not gas tar, this time, nor carpentry, but land, or rather the letting of land, that will have to undergo the scrutiny of the borough senate. By the way, we cannot help repeating our questions of a fortnight ago. Is Manchester immaculate in regard to its gas tar contracts? Has it no Dyson to institute an inquiry or obtain an explanation?

THE HAYMARKET COMPANY.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

THE Haymarket Company are again before us, with their old merits and their old faults. We have the old plays, the old players, the old ability, and the old impropriety. The performers were welcomed by a crowded house; but the applause was by no means so equally distributed as it usually is upon the first night of their visit. Mr. Compton seems to have become a greater favourite than ever, and got on his appearance more than twice as much as any of the others, save, perhaps, Mr. Buckstone. Comic men are always the most popular. The humours of audiences are whimsical in the extreme: it may have been owing to the enervating heat of the atmosphere, but Mr. Kendal—such a favourite last year—only got one hearty round. We could not help contrasting it with the tumultuous greeting which the drinking-scene in which he first appears used to receive. Beyond a doubt, the judgment of the audience was just.

The *School for Scandal* was, as usual, the first performance. It did not commence till half an hour after the seven o'clock to which we are accustomed, and was followed by a longish after-piece. Whether this had an influence upon the acting, of course we do not know; but the old play seemed to us to be a little hurried over. Its performance was distinguished by much of that excellence which has been too often pointed out to stand in need of further praise, but could not be compared to the representations of it given a few years ago, when every member of this inimitable company exactly suited every other. The pauses between the acts were made farcically brief. We have before reprehended this bad practice, and should not again allude to it, if it did not deprive the audience of much pleasure. Time for intellectual digestion is just as necessary as for physical. Between the courses of every good dinner there should be interval enough for a glass of wine and a little conversation. Similarly, there ought to be music between every act of a play. To deprive those gentlemen who have young ladies with them of their intervals, is positive barbarity. It is strange that the Haymarket Company, with all their experience, should be not quite perfect in their parts. We mention the fact more as a curiosity than a fault. The imperfections are generally trifling; but in the old plays a word misplaced generally means a sentence deteriorated. There is great art in the fitting use of expletives, and "zounds," "egads," "my life ont's," ought not to be indiscriminately inserted or omitted, but especially inserted. "Insidious" was again pronounced "insiduous."

The *Rivals*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the *Poor Gentleman* are so well known to all our readers as to render any criticism of their literary merits hackneyed surplusage. It is enough to say that the *Rivals* without the stupidities of Falkland and Julia, *She Stoops to Conquer* without its farcicality, the *Poor Gentleman* without its bombastic John Bullism, and all without the coarseness which is either in the text or gag, would be as near perfection as need be. *London Assurance* is the least well known of the comedies performed during the week. It contains some clever writing, especially in the first act, which probably could not be improved upon; but afterwards it occasionally grows farcical; it is excessively unnatural; it indulges in some puns; and it lacks that moral delicacy which is absent from so many of the standard comedies, but which is the bloom of drama, and will make the masterpieces of the future excel those of the past. A moral purpose is invaluable but not indispensable in a play; a moral spirit is indispensable. Mr. Robertson's comedies are fragrant with it. Such a taste recoils from the lumps of morality with which the vulgar level of *London Assurance* is studded,

but leavens all its ideas with the divine essence. It would shudder at such a melodramatic description of a gentleman as the tag of this comedy; it would shrink from reforming an old buck in five minutes, just to bring the curtain down upon a moral tableau; but it would never deal with drunkenness, debauchery, adultery, and such like things, merely for the sake of a plot. This comedy does, and so is vulgar. It titillates your palate with immoral condiments, gorges your excited appetite with coarse food, and then doses you with huge moral boluses that nauseate you. But about the vulgarity of dramatists we hope to say more upon some future occasion. *London Assurance* is, however, well above the average, its greatest artistic blunder being Charles Courtly's love scene, which ought to be tenderly serious instead of mock-heroic, in the style of Mr. Sothern's spurious humour. The dialogue throughout is full of gush and tinsel sentiment.

Turning from the plays to the players we have only to repeat our old commendation. One has merely to see Mr. Chippendale as Sir Peter Teazle, to wonder what on earth the *Pall Mall Gazette* was thinking about, when lately it declared Mr. W. H. Stephens "perhaps, the best" Sir Peter on the stage. If Mr. Chippendale was not put into the background, in London, to make way for Mr. Sothern in the front, the *Pall Mall Gazette* might be better acquainted with his merits; but the eulogy of a critic who prefers Mr. Stephens to Mr. Phelps, would not be worth much. We scarcely know whether Mr. Chippendale's Sir Anthony Absolute or his Sir Robert Bramble is his masterpiece. One cannot conceive of either being excelled. We almost think our sympathies incline towards the kind old country gentleman; but when we think of the violent, unreasonable, lecherous, lip-smacking, capering, old Sir Anthony, we almost repent of our choice. Upon the whole, we come to the opinion that they are both his masterpieces. We observe in Mr. Chippendale, upon this visit, a tendency to make his points in the middle instead of at the end of some of his author's sentences: for instance, "Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me—if ever I try to be friends with you any more!" Mr. Chippendale makes the sentence take effect where we have put a dash, instead of at the end. We noticed several instances of this. We never did before, and think it is a fault. The ends of such sentences fall flat. But it is partly the fault of the audience for cheering in the wrong place. Mr. Chippendale's Sir Harcourt Courtly is a fine study, superior in execution to Mr. Webster's. It ranks amongst Mr. Chippendale's best impersonations, so that its fine quality may be conceived. The artificiality, conceit, and prurience of the despicable old beau who says he hasn't sown his wild oats yet, at sixty years of age, were marvellously rendered, both in his appearance and demeanour.

Mr. Compton has been Mr. Compton all the week. We cannot give him any higher praise, and we have exhausted upon him all our notes of admiration. His face is anointed with the very unction of humour. We should like to see him in the character of Tony Lumpkin. We feel sure he would relieve both the part and the play of some of that extravagance which is so derogatory to both. Mr. Compton's humour seems to bubble up spontaneously out of the character he plays: Mr. Buckstone's seems to be an independent superadded quality that sometimes does not suit the part he puts it on—witness his mock-heroic style as tipsy Dolly Spanker. He is spontaneous enough, though, when he is rehearsing or interpolating a "legitimate attraction." He has already fallen foul of one of his Liverpool spectators for sundry proceedings in his own farce of *Rural Felicity;* but Mr. Buckstone is not so weak as to suffer himself to be influenced by criticism, even when it is just. Let us be fair, however, and acknowledge an improvement in the character of most of the after-pieces. We are not so foolish as to attribute this to any remarks that have been passed upon them. Mr. Buckstone's Dolly Spanker is one of his best characters. Perhaps because he is accompanied in it by one of those big yellowy-white beaver hats which he delights so much in. We do not like his Sir Benjamin Backbite as well as Mr. Walter Gordon's, and his Tony Lumpkin is too broad for our fancy. We do not mean to say, however, that it is broader than Goldsmith's ideal.

All Mr. Howe's impersonations have been marked by that painstaking intensity which is characteristic of his acting. Mr. Howe is not a showy actor, but there is not a more genuine one in the company. He does not get the most applause, but what he gets is sensible and substantial. In all his parts there is an evenness of merit which is the fruit of honest study. In the plausibilities of Joseph, the jealousies of Falkland, the audacities and timidities of Young Marlow, he is equally admirable. Mr. Kendal has undoubtedly improved. He has relieved his Charles Surface of that "jolly dog" element which was objectionable in it. He no longer taps everybody on the stage incontinently on the breast, or rolls about like the frequenter of a music-hall. Mr. Kendal has not got the sort of face or voice for parts such as this and that of Captain Absolute, and we yearn for the boisterous but gentlemanly laugh of yore; but he would play both better, if he gave himself more time. He is so rapid, now and then, as to become indistinct, if not even to trip himself up. If he cannot put upon his countenance the exquisite expression of expectancy with which Mr. Farren awaits Sir Peter's tale about the milliner, he should at least give Mr. Chippendale time for his chuckles and byplay. But by all the actors this scene was hurried over. Mr. Kendal cannot expect anybody to think much of his acting in these parts when he himself does not think it worth shaving his moustache off for. We are surprised that such a company as this should allow its representative of Charles Surface and Captain Absolute to wear a moustache, however slight. But Mr. Sothern has demoralised the management. If we did not feel that we should be demolishing all Mr. Kendal's claim to be considered anything more than an amateur, we should charge him with a suspicion of whiskers as well. Charles Surface in whiskers! As Dazzle, as the footman, and as the wearer of the *Frightful Hair*, Mr. Kendal is all that can be wished. His parody of Mr. Bandmann is superlatively clever. His dancing and his singing are most amusing. But, horrible as is the *Frightful Hair*, we think the hair upon Charles Surface is more frightful still.

Mr. Rogers is as usual. There is no greater treat in the compass of the company than to see him come on to the stage with Mr. Chippendale in the *Poor Gentleman*. How they fit! As dissimilar as possible, they match. The actors and the author play into one another's hands. The actors might have been born with faces and figures made on purpose to perform the parts; the author might have known that they were going to live. Mr. Clark is as good as ever in his little characters, and Mr. Coe is "one of the best instructors for the stage we have. *Vide* Press," only we don't know where to *vide*, and we don't think anybody else does.

Mrs. Chippendale's heartiness exerts its old power of refreshment; and Miss Caroline Hill, who used to be pleasing but a little affected, is still pleasing but a little affected. A proposal of marriage is commonly considered the greatest compliment a man can pay a woman, but surely suicide is a greater; and Miss Hill has had this compliment paid her. We wish a Manchester audience could see her in *Home*. Happy thought: why not act

Home, with Mr. Howe in Mr. Sothern's part, and Miss Robertson in Miss Cavendish's? Miss Fanny Gwynne is a graceful addition to the company, possessing one of those English faces which are so delightful on the stage—and off it also. What with Miss Gwynne, Miss Hill, Miss Robertson, and Mrs. Chippendale, the female members of the company are eminently satisfactory. We have not seen Miss Robertson in any part to such advantage as in her brother's comedy of *Dreams*, but the parts she has been playing here have been deliciously performed. Her spirits are more exuberant than ever; and if her eyes don't take care, they will be getting brought up at the City Police Court, for feloniously stealing and wilfully and of malice aforethought killing and slaying divers and sundry valuable articles—to wit, hearts.

Our vocabulary does not contain words strong enough to characterise the manner in which some of the pieces have been put upon the stage. On referring to our last year's notice, we find that we then applied to the scenery the words "wretched" and "filthy." As the identical canvasses do duty this year also, they must be imagined one year more wretched, and one year more filthy. All that we can say in their favour is that they are not absolutely mouldy. A shrieking carpenter's whistle, dirty daubs that stuck and didn't fit together, squalid furniture, and a most intolerable patch of shabby carpet, have done all they could to spoil several of the pieces.

Married Life, announced for last night, is a play of Mr. Buckstone's, amusing, but unworthy of a place amongst the standard comedies. For to-night, the *Hypocrite* is announced. We are not going to repeat our crusade of last year. It was intensely disagreeable to us, and we have done our duty. If the public will patronise indecency, it is no use writing against it. We still cherish some hope that one particular scene between Mr. Compton, Mr. Howe, and Mrs. Laws will be vigorously hissed; but the whole piece is the vulgar production of a coarse mind. The improprieties in the *School for Scandal*—much better omitted as they would be—are both satirical and humourous; those in this piece are nothing but obscene.

LANCASHIRE CRICKETERS IN THE SOUTH.

THE Agricultural Show, last week, very naturally excited so much attention that little else was thought of. The Manchester cricket ground—which is also the county ground—was, in a very literal way, swallowed up by the cattle carnival, and the thoroughfares which lead to it were absorbed. On all sides it was completely surrounded, and to those who were curious enough to take a peep over the palings which surround it, its quietness and greenness looked pretty and attractive, amid the bustling crowds and the hubbub of the Show-ground. This temporary deprivation of the ground, and the general state of unsettledness which obtained in ordinary business transactions of the district, were utilised by those regulating the engagements of the county club; and arrangements were made that two matches, which were calculated to occupy six successive days, should be played in the South—the one at Lord's, the other at the Oval. The first was to be played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, against the Marylebone Club and Ground, and the second—a return match—against the Surrey, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. But, through the unexpected shortness of the games, they were both concluded in the course of four days, so that on Wednesday and Saturday no play took place.

It is a proverbially easy thing—and, possibly, rather a cowardly one, too—to find satisfactory reasons to account for a defeat. Still, there are some few considerations which ought not to be forgotten in judging of the performances of our county representatives. An eleven which is playing at home clearly possesses great advantages. For, firstly, whilst the home team has every chance of mustering its full strength, it rarely happens that the strangers are able to bring on the field their strongest eleven. In our own case, the effect of this consideration has been very apparent. As a rule, the elevens which have been sent to play return and other county matches away from home, have been of the most extraordinarily misrepresentative character. We are, however, in honesty bound to confess that the team sent down this year was not only by far the best ever sent away from home to fight the cricket battles of Lancashire, but almost the best that could be chosen. There are very few names in the eleven which, in our opinion, could have been changed with advantage. But another equally important thing to be considered is the change of ground. Of course, if the grounds are equally good, the advantage gained by greater familiarity with the peculiarities of either is smaller. But when there is much difference in the quality of the grounds, a great advantage accrues to those accustomed to the inferior one, when the game is played there. It is pretty widely acknowledged that the Manchester ground is one of the best in the kingdom, and the contrast between the billiard-board smoothness of their own green sward and the lumpy hardness of Lord's and the Oval grounds, must have been as unpleasant as it proved disastrous to the northern cricketers.

Only two new names appear in the Lancashire Eleven, Mr. F. Carlisle, and Mr. G. Winder. Mr. Carlisle originally played with some success with the Harrow, and latterly with the Birkenhead Park. Of Mr. Winder's name we are obliged to confess our ignorance; it is quite new to us, and if it is a *nom de guerre* we have no information on the subject. We are sorry, too, to miss the familiar names of Hornby and Rowley. The M. C. C. Eleven was very strong. It included the irresistible Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. C. J. Brune, Mr. A. J. Wilkinson, Mr. C. J. Thornton, Wooton, Biddulph, Hearne and Price. Lancashire took the first innings, and when the total reached was only 67, things did not look over bright. But the bowling of Hickton and Mr. Appleby was so good, that the runs got by the Marylebone were fewer by four than those of the Lancashire. The second innings of the Lancashire closed for 58 runs, so that the M. C. C. had 63 runs to get in order to win, which they managed to do with a loss of eight wickets. The match was exciting and close throughout, and the result doubtful to the end, and there is nothing to be particularly ashamed of in such a defeat. The game was extraordinary from the unusually small number of runs obtained. Mr. Grace got six only in two innings, whilst Mr. Wright on the side of the Lancashire got five, so that the two heaviest scorers in England played two innings each for a grand total of 11 runs. It is rather painful to notice that out of a total innings of 63, no fewer than 21 were extras, and 15 of these were byes. It was these fatal extras which lost the match, for Lancashire scored 15 more runs off the bat.

After a day's interval the Lancashire met the Surrey at the Oval in a return match. The names of the Eleven of Lancashire were the same as before, with the exception that Iddison, who had fielded splendidly, and had, with his usual ill-luck, hurt himself during the Marylebone match, was unable to play. His place was filled by Mr. Hornby, of whose excellent batting and fielding we have spoken more than once. The Surrey team was considerably altered from that which played at Old Trafford. Buckle, Bristowe, H. H. Stephenson, Mortlock, and Trodd, were replaced by Mr. Price, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Noble, Street, and Collet. The score of the Surrey in the first innings was 277, of which formidable number Mr. Price got 102, and Jupp 87. The first innings of the Lancashire only reached 130, so they suffered the ignominy of following their innings. At the close of the second innings, Surrey had only 18 runs to secure. Two wickets were lost in getting this number, so that Surrey won the match with eight wickets to spare. The peculiar bowling of Southerton was most destructive in both innings.

The glorious uncertainty of cricket has long been well known. Here it has been once more exemplified. The play of Lancashire, especially when in the field, must have been very much inferior in the second match; for from a comparison of the respective performances of the Marylebone and the Surrey, it appeared a certainty

that Lancashire would have less difficulty in disposing of the Surrey, than in their task of the previous day. Whether the state of the ground is to be held altogether responsible for this, or whether that unfortunate "blank" day, when nothing but amusement seeking could be indulged in, can have had any unpleasant effect on the nerves of the players, and consequently on the success of their play, we will not attempt to decide. But enforced idleness is always dangerous.

SEA WEEDS,

FROM THE COAST OF ANTRIM.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

EAVES-DROPPINGS.

Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy.—*The Tempest.*

ONE catches many curious things, here, "wi' the tail-end o' the eye," as they say; and some of them may be worth recording, in a brief way. The other evening, as I returned from the shore, where I had been sitting in a nook of the rocks, watching the sun go down beyond the Hebridean isles, with the waves breaking at my feet, I overtook an old pilot belonging to this port, and we fell into talk about "things consarnin' the ocean wide," which was his favourite theme; and, of course, he told me many a thing that was new and interesting, for he was an old salt of rare experience, and had "learnt the ropes" early in life. There happened to be several sailing vessels in sight, and he explained to me their differences of rig, and their names. He knew every rock and shoal and headland along this shore; and I found that almost every strand and crag had its traditional tale of disaster. Speaking of the salmon, which abounds in these waters, he said that when the fish return from the sea, each fish knows its native stream, as well as a bird knows its nest, and makes for it almost as directly. It seems, also, that the fish of one stream differ in shape from the fish of another; the fish of the Bann, for instance, being broader and thicker than the fish of the Bush—a difference which is characteristic of the streams themselves. And when the fishermen haul in their nets, they can point out the fish of each river, at sight, by their peculiarities of shape. It is curious to note, too, the uncertainties of result in the fishing. Last Friday, the fishers in a little bay called Black Rock, near the Causeway, caught three hundred and seventy salmon between morning and evening, and, since then, they have scarcely averaged a dozen a day. This, I understand, is partly owing to changes of wind and tide. The sky was streaked with straggling "mares' tails," as the old pilot and I stood talking together, and, pointing aloft, he explained some of the weather indications of the "cloud-land." When the clouds drift in long and fleecy shapes, like flying hair, or combed wool, they are the fore-runners of wind; and when they hang thick, low, and sullen, they indicate rain. And, not only the "airts" of the wind, but the changing voices of the sea, in different places, have each a special significance to practised ears; just as they say at the Causeway, "Bush Foot is sounding—there will be rain!" I found the old pilot a shrewd man in other respects, too, for he said he had noticed that, when bread was dear, butter was low in price, because bread was an essential article of food to the poor, and butter they could do without. All this may seem very trite to some people, but to me it was interesting; and it certainly is worth while talking to any sensible man about the things that he knows best, and likes best. In this way, men are more than books to one another; and the whole world a vast library of living lore.

But, apart from conversations such as I had with the ancient mariner, as one wanders about in a strange place, like this, it seems to quicken the senses, and he catches many a curious eaves-dropping of human speech—heard by accident, and uttered without premeditation. The other day, as I was passing the door of a whiskey-shop, in front of which two little ragged gamins, from some large town, stood singing,

The window, the window—
Oh, she won my heart at the window!

when I saw a sight which is very uncommon here, though it would not have surprised me in Belfast, or Manchester. It was a slim, pot-valiant weakling, who came forth from the whiskey-shop, "raunging," as they say in Lancashire, with a knot of boozy acquaintances hanging about him. "Let go my coat!" cried he; "let go my coat, Willy, or ye'll get the redder's lick! They robbed my mother o' her share o' the fish, I tell ye! Let go my coat! I can thump the hail four o' them! There not a man enters the gate o' Portrush this day but I can lick! From twelve stone down'ards—d'ye hear that, now? Ony son o' man from Coleraine to the Causeway! Here's the fellow can thump the weight o' a horse!" And so on, in maudlin brag, "off a weak stomach," as they say in Lancashire, or "from the teeth out," as they say here. But, soon after this, I met with something of a pleasanter kind; and, though but a simple utterance from the mouths of children, it seemed all the more characteristic on account of having filtered its way down to the tongues of these unsophisticated prattlers. A little after sunset, I was sauntering homeward along a quiet part of the town, called Spring-hill. It was a beautiful evening. Midges were whirling in mazy swarms in the glowing twilight; and people were sitting at their doors, enjoying the balmy air. In front of a row of white-washed cottages, a little company of bare-footed children were at play; and all was so still around, that their voices came distinctly across the street, as they advanced and retired to one another, in a kind of slow dance, singing—

This is not King William's ground,
Masthoree, oh, masthoree;
We are on Saint Patrick's ground,
Within a golden story.

As I was riding lately through a lovely village of a dozen cottages or so, in the heart of the green country, a few miles from Portrush, I saw a knot of little urchins, marching in procession, one with an orange handkerchief fluttering at the end of a pole; the other with sticks and whistles, for swords and fifes, and old tin cans for drums; and every old crone in the village was gazing after them with admiring eyes. Such things as these, insignificant as they seem, are strongly indicative of the tone of life from which they spring. The twelfth of July—the anniversary of "Boyne Water"—was drawing near; and there was to be a great Orange demonstration at the sea-side village of Portstewart, about two miles from here. The country was all talking about it, and, no doubt, these imitative youngsters had heard all about the matter.

"Doctor," said a country fellow, stopping a medical friend of mine upon the street, "Doctor, they tell me you're a well-skilled man." "Well, sir?" replied the doctor. "Well," answered the other, "I've hed a sair kind o' stiffness in my neck this lang time gane by—d'ye think ye'd be able to souple it for me?"

Tam Twinkle, the fisherman, had been listening to the story of an acquaintance of his, who was notable for drawing the long bow; and, when the speaker had finished, Tammy replied, "Well, Wully; I dinna say that I misbelieve ye, but if I had told the same story, ye would have said that I was lyin'—an', mind ye, I shouldn't have doubted your word in the laste."

I stood at the door, watching the motions of a little tattered fellow, who was going about exchanging bits of toffy for rags and bones, and bottles, and other fragments of rubbish. He stopped at the street end, and blew his tin trumpet; and, in a few minutes, he was surrounded by a swarm of little bare-footed children, some of them with rags in their hands, for exchange. One "wee cutty," however, had nothing; and, after looking eagerly on for a minute or two, she suddenly whipped off her little ragged petticoat, and gave it to the forlorn tatterdemalion with the tin trumpet in his hand. He popped the petticoat into his bag, and gave her a bit of spice in return; and then shifted his ground immediately, for fear of the child's mother.

The sights, and sounds, and shifting elements of nature, here, seem to lend "something rich and strange" to all that is going. Even at church, it is fine to sit whilst the service is going on, and see the blue waves heaving immediately below the west window, and to hear the ceaseless moan of the ocean mingling with the solemn chants of the church. One Sunday, a swallow flew in at the open door, and, during the remainder of the service-time, it flitted incessantly round and round, often near to the face of the minister. This happens so often there, however, that few people seemed to think anything of it. During the service, too, the prayer for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland came strangely upon ears that had not been used to it.

But I dare say you have had quite enough of these trifling details, for the present; though I have far from emptied my budget. Indeed, I may say, with that curious humourist, the late Ben Oldfield, of Manchester—

Oh, had I but a poet's pen,
And had I time to spare,
To tell the sights that I have seen
Since last I saw "The Square."

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which forms an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle.
Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

A FEW LAST WORDS ON VACCINATION.

A FORTNIGHT ago we inserted two letters, in reply to some remarks of our own the previous week, on the subject of the Vaccination controversy. A rejoinder, which we shall make as brief as possible is due alike to the correspondents who favoured us with their views and to our readers.

As specimens of special pleading the letters were decidedly clever, but they were, nevertheless, entirely fallacious, both in their premises, and also in their conclusions. When we used the word "pure" as an epithet for lymph or matter, we were scientifically correct. "The pure secretion of the specific eruption" would have more elaborately, but not more accurately, defined our meaning. The whole argument against vaccination hangs on this one thread:—Can diseases other than cow-pox be conveyed along with the vaccine lymph? At first blush it is almost self-evident they may easily, and are frequently, so conveyed. Admitting this, we can prove that, with proper care, they rarely are conveyed in this manner, and, unfortunately for our anti-vaccination friends, the latest and most careful series of experiments are, on this point, conclusive against their view.

The Small-pox Hospital statistics have been ingeniously twisted to argue against vaccination. The statistics are as follows, and we will leave them to speak for themselves. In the epidemic season of 1838, there were admitted into the Small-pox Hospital 396 unvaccinated persons, of whom 157, or 39 per cent, died. There were also admitted 298 vaccinated persons, of whom 31, or 10 per cent., died. From 1836 to 1851, 2,654 unvaccinated persons were admitted, of whom 996, or 37 per cent., died; and 3,094 vaccinated persons, of whom 268, or 6 76 per cent., died. It must be borne in mind that only a small proportion of these "vaccinated" persons had been properly vaccinated.

The remarks of Dr. Dupré as to officers of health *v.* surveyors and architects are not quite deserved. It is because architects and surveyors have so long neglected their duties that medical surveyors and architects are supervising their work. Who laid all our foul sewers, and who built our badly-constructed houses—surveyors and architects, or medical men?

We cannot discuss so delicate a subject as the causes of disease, that is, as connected with vaccination, with that fulness proper to a medical paper, but we must re-assert that, in our opinion, mothers may take their children to be vaccinated with an easy and a thankful mind, and we bid them rest assured that the dangers of vaccination have been ignorantly and grossly exaggerated. Vaccination has been too often made the scapegoat for iniquities whose origin is far more iniquitous than that of cow-pox.

One thing has been entirely mistaken, and consequently misrepresented, by our opponents. Public vaccinators' salaries vary from about £5 to £100 a year. In no case do they reach the absurd sums stated, the average being somewhere about £20 a year.

NIGHTFALL IN VENICE.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF T. DANDOLO.)

YESTERDAY evening I sat down on the top of the little hillock in the public gardens. How pleasant is Venice in spring-time! The light evening winds which blow from the mainland, bring with them the most delicate perfumes; the balmy air seems laden with sweet smells, and a soft, luxurious languor steals over the senses. The breath of life seems to waken all nature, the very stones seem to live and move; the wide spreading marshes of the dull lagoon change their rotten withered grass into sea-weed, into rushes, into tall stems covered with vigorous foliage; and see how the swallow, back from his wanderings in far-off eastern lands, swiftly wings his untiring flight round yonder wave-worn rocks, on which the ebb and flow of every tide casts millions of corals, sea-shells, and every kind of insect.

The sun had gone down in the golden west, and heavy violet-coloured clouds were sailing slowly over the sky. The towers, the domes of St. Mark's, and the dark forest of the city spires stood out in bold relief against the glittering background. The horizon was dyed every tinge and shade, from flaming red to the deepest blue, and from the bosom of the tranquil waters all that gorgeous mass of colouring was reflected! The dusky outlines of the city buildings, which seemed to hang between the glowing heavens and the wide lagoon, in which they were mirrored, looked at that moment like one of those sublime visions of architecture which the inspired writer of the Apocalypse saw rising up on the sea-shore of Patmos, a figure of the New Jerusalem.

Little by little the daylight faded away, the shadows grew deeper and more mysterious. Venice looked like the shattered wreck of some mighty fleet, and then like some vast forest of cypresses.

A TRIBUTE TO SIR WALTER.—Sir Walter Scott was in one of his walks leaning on the arm of his faithful attendant Tom Purdie. Tom said, "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom." "Yes, Sir; for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home very tired, and take one of your novels, I am asleep directly."

A LONG PRAYER.—Deacon Barnes, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in his family. One morning, the deacon and his wife were alone, and, as was his usual custom after breakfast, a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day, the deacon's prayer was short. He seized his hat and milkpail, and started for the barn. His wife being deaf, did not notice his absence, but supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking, he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted "Amen," when she immediately arose and went about her work as if nothing had happened.

A VISIT TO LISZT IN ROME.

BY A LADY.

WE visited the Abbe Liszt, the celebrated pianist and composer. His manners are easy, quiet, and genial, and he converses freely in French, German, and Italian; English he speaks slowly, but well. After some other visitors left, he rubbed his hands and said gaily: "Now we will have the music while it is fresh." But just as he said this the door opened, a new visitor entered who had to be attended to, and we waited another ten or fifteen minutes. During that time I noticed his hands. They are slender, the fingers long and thin, well-kept, good shaped nails; but the thumb was the wonder. We have been amusing ourselves over Desbarolles's *Mystères de la Main*, this winter, and we carried on a *sotto voce* conversation over these marvellous thumbs. They are the longest I ever saw, and reach up to the first joint of the fore finger. "The thumb is the whole of life," all old chiromantists have said, and Liszt's certainly seems to be one proof at least of this. We examined as well as we could his other fingers, balanced them with these thumbs, and used all our superficial knowledge. The result was that of most fortune-tellers who know the fate they prophecy. Liszt's fingers are finely formed; they express idealism and poetry, susceptibility, analytic order; they are smooth and flexible, which implies inspiration, tact, and egotism; but every quality is balanced and controlled by these long thumbs; powerful will speaks in the first joint, and logic in the second, and these, united to the fine fingers and firm hand, according to Desbarolles, give activity, power of execution, and lead on to fortune. The second visitor left, and Liszt said, as he took a seat at the piano: "Since you are interested in Chopin, I will give you something of his."

To see Liszt playing is as fine as to hear him. His mobile face expresses every varying emotion and feeling in the music. He seemed one with his instrument. I forgot to examine how he made his wonderful trill, which is more like the nightingale note than any other piano trill I ever heard, and when he ended one and passed on to the other musical passages, I thought of

——— her poet soul she flingeth
Over pain to victory.

The music went with the same keen sweep as the bird note does. I could not analyse or note any way or manner of his playing while I listened, except this: his perfect stillness, his quiet pose. That firm hand, long, supple, smooth fingers, and powerful thumbs, drew out the music as if it had been harmonious breath, and the face was lofty, smiling, gentle, serious, just as the music came. I was not surprised, as I expected to be—not overpowered; but his music made me perfectly happy; it seemed to be full and satisfactory. "What did he play?" I have been asked very often since. If he had not told me I should not have known. Two or three gleams of the Chopin Etudes peeped out here and there, but flitted off just as my memory tried to seize on them. After awhile a mystic confusion began, and a mazourka glided swiftly by. It was a beautiful shadowy dramatic fantasia, and sometimes Liszt looked just as he does in the popular picture—"Matinee with Liszt"—in which Czerny, Berlioz, and Ernst are listening to this king of pianists.

"But what did he play?" my friends repeat.

"Three etudes and a mazourka of Chopin, arranged by myself as a fantasia," was Liszt's reply, when asked.

I thanked him after he was through, and we took our leave. He accompanied our little party through his ante-room to the head of the stairs, shaking us by the hand cordially many times, and repeating his courteous invitation to come again to see him; and so ended my "Matinee bei Liszt."

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BLACKPOOL IN 1869.

FOR at least half a century Blackpool has been a favourite resort, and year by year it increases in comeliness. Even the most staunch frequenters of the place, persons who appear in it as regularly as spring gives way to summer, find some new attraction added at every visit. At one time it may be an extension of the pier; at another enlargement of the promenade; on a third occasion there is a new terrace to admire; and on the fourth a commodious concert room. So determined have the inhabitants been to improve their town, and so steadily and energetically has the work advanced, that it is difficult now to see what more can be done. It is true that the promenade, which got badly used by the gales last winter, still wants a finishing touch put to it, and that the pier extensions for the purpose of enabling passengers to embark on the steamers at all states of the tide are scarcely yet completed; but after these desirable improvements are accomplished, the dwellers on this portion of the Fylde might be pardoned for desiring to rest and be thankful. That they will do so is very questionable indeed. Public spirit is certainly one element not lacking at Blackpool; and although, as at other watering places, the present season is asserted to be the worst ever known, there is little doubt that by next summer the means will have been found for providing some additional facility to those already enjoyed by visitors. The householding population of watering-places have been likened to the farmers in this respect, that it is surprising how much ruin they can bear, and undoubtedly there is very little evidence of any such impending calamity at Blackpool. On the contrary, it has all the appearance of a thriving well-to-do town, worthy of the splendid position it occupies, and of the many advantages which nature has bestowed upon it with so lavish a hand.

Blackpool is protected by rising grounds from the east winds, so dangerous to invalids; it is open to the sea on the west, and enjoys a prospect as boundless as it is magnificent; and, although lying between the rivers Wyre and Ribble, its waters are unpolluted by either. Constantly rolling upon a sandy beach, the sea cannot be expected to be so clear here as those familiar with the Isle of Man find it in Douglas Bay, but bathing is perhaps attended with less risk at Blackpool than at any other watering-place in the kingdom. A dip in salt water may be indulged in at all hours, and no one need be timid on the score of holes or uncertain depths. Besides being hard and firm, the beach slopes with almost mathematical regularity. Another advantage possessed by Blackpool is its equable but bracing temperature; its summers, though hot, are far from scorching, and its winters, whilst humid, are by no means cold. To these natural advantages, as has been already hinted, the inhabitants of Blackpool have added much. They have constructed a carriage drive and sea promenade about two miles in length, and built two piers, one nearly 1,500 feet in length, and 27 feet broad; the other, close on 1,000 feet long, and equally broad. Both these piers also are in course of being elongated. To the oldest-established pier—one of the first objects which meets the eye of visitors on getting clear of the railway station—an addition of 100 yards is being made, with a view of affording access to sailing boats and steamers even when the tide is at its lowest; whilst the other pier will be proceeded with until a total length of 1,614 feet is obtained. As to the improvement effected on the town itself, it is only necessary to refer to the charming suburb on the south side, known as South Shore, or to the equally charming locality on the north side, named Claremont Park—in the centre of which stands an hotel, the Imperial, able in many respects to compete with that colossal structure at Scarbro', the Grand Hotel; to the Assembly Rooms, facing the first pier, and containing a handsome concert room, and well-appointed reading and refreshment rooms, and to the spacious buildings devoted to markets and bazaars.—*Leeds Mercury.*

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson has been appointed Lecturer in Philosophy at Harvard University for the ensuing academic year.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS. The old farce of *High Life Below Stairs*, is often ascribed to Garrick, but was really written, it would appear, by the Rev. James Townley, head master of Merchant Tailors' School. "How did you like the farce?" Walpole wrote to Lady Hervey in 1759. "George Selwyn says he wants to see *High Life Below Stairs*, as he is weary of low life above stairs." Dr. Johnson said of it, "Here is a farce which is really very diverting when you see it acted, and yet one may read it and not know that one has been reading anything at all." The same, however, may be said of a very great number of successful acting plays.

THE RIGHT QUANTUM OF ALCOHOL.—I distinctly believe, that in most, if not all constitutions (with the exception of those persons—*fortunati nimium!*—who live tranquil lives, free from anxiety, and with abundant opportunities of imbibing fresh air and taking pleasant and healthful physical exercise), a certain limited daily quantum of alcohol is a valuable if not indispensable article of diet. But I am convinced that in no way can this employment of alcohol be placed upon a basis which affords ground for intelligent regulation, as to quantity and time of administration, except by regarding alcoholic beverages as a variety of hydrocarbonaceous food with peculiar physiological relations which only admit of its being usefully appropriated by the organism under strict limitations, as to quantity. I have even arrived by physiological experiment at a rough but apparently useful rule as to the daily average allowance of absolute alcohol which can be beneficially taken by a healthy adult man. No doubt there are considerable differences, as to this, between different healthy individuals; but on the whole there is a remarkable uniformity in the appearance of certain morbid phenomena in persons previously healthy who exceed the daily allowance of from one ounce to one ounce and a half of absolute alcohol, in whatever shape it be taken.—*Dr. Anstie in the Practitioner for July.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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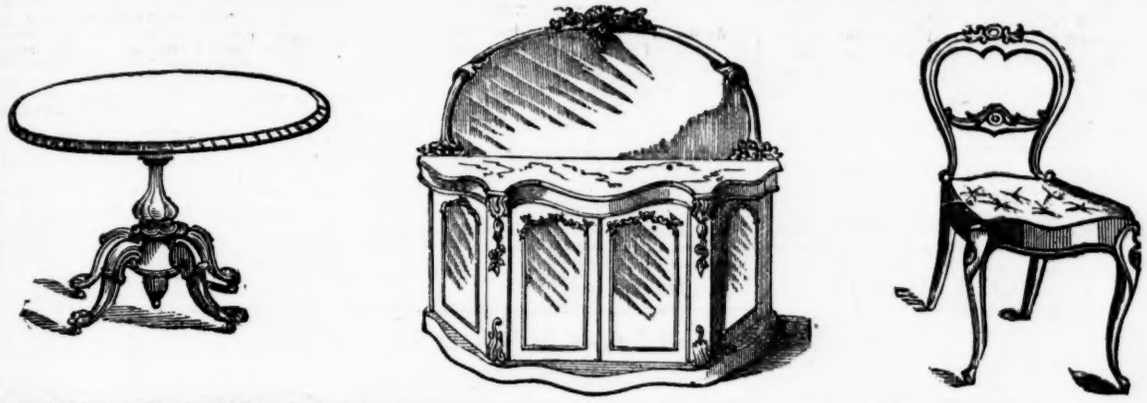

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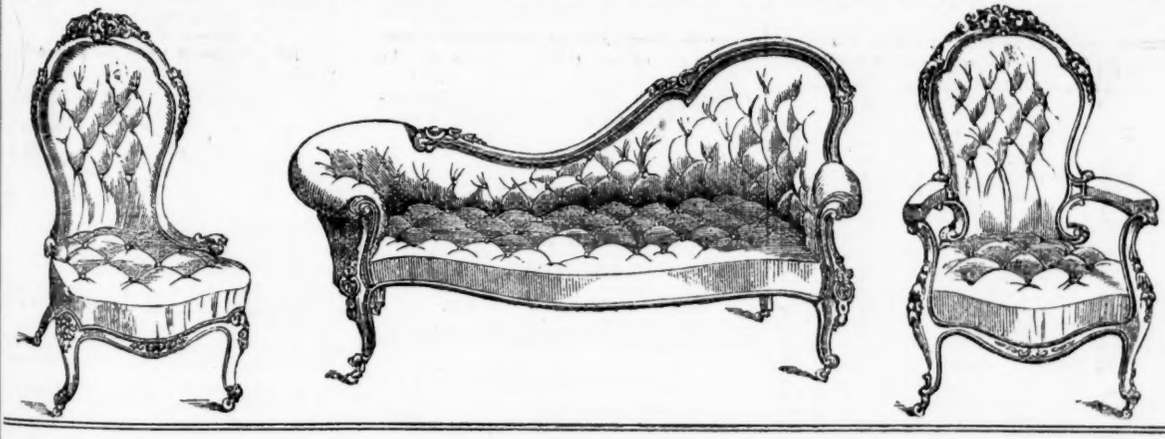

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